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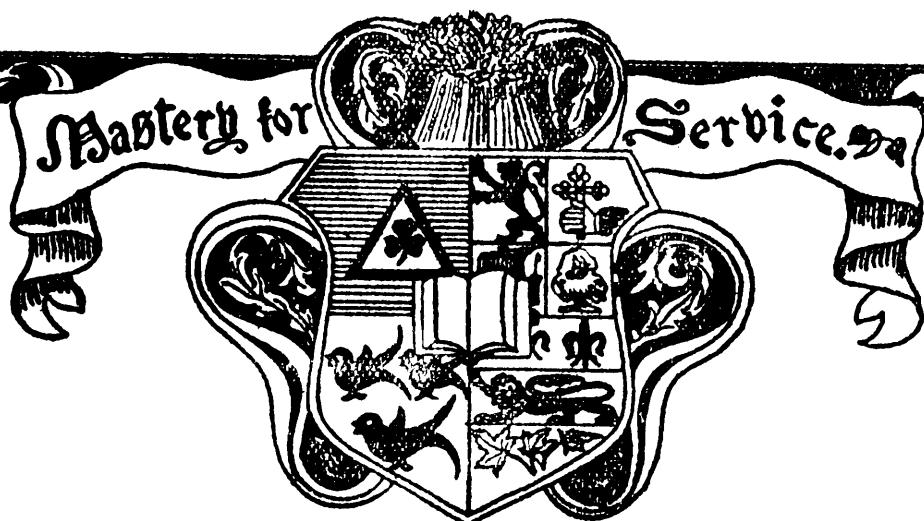
AUTUMN

No. 1

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Vol. XIX

No. 3

Macdonald College Magazine

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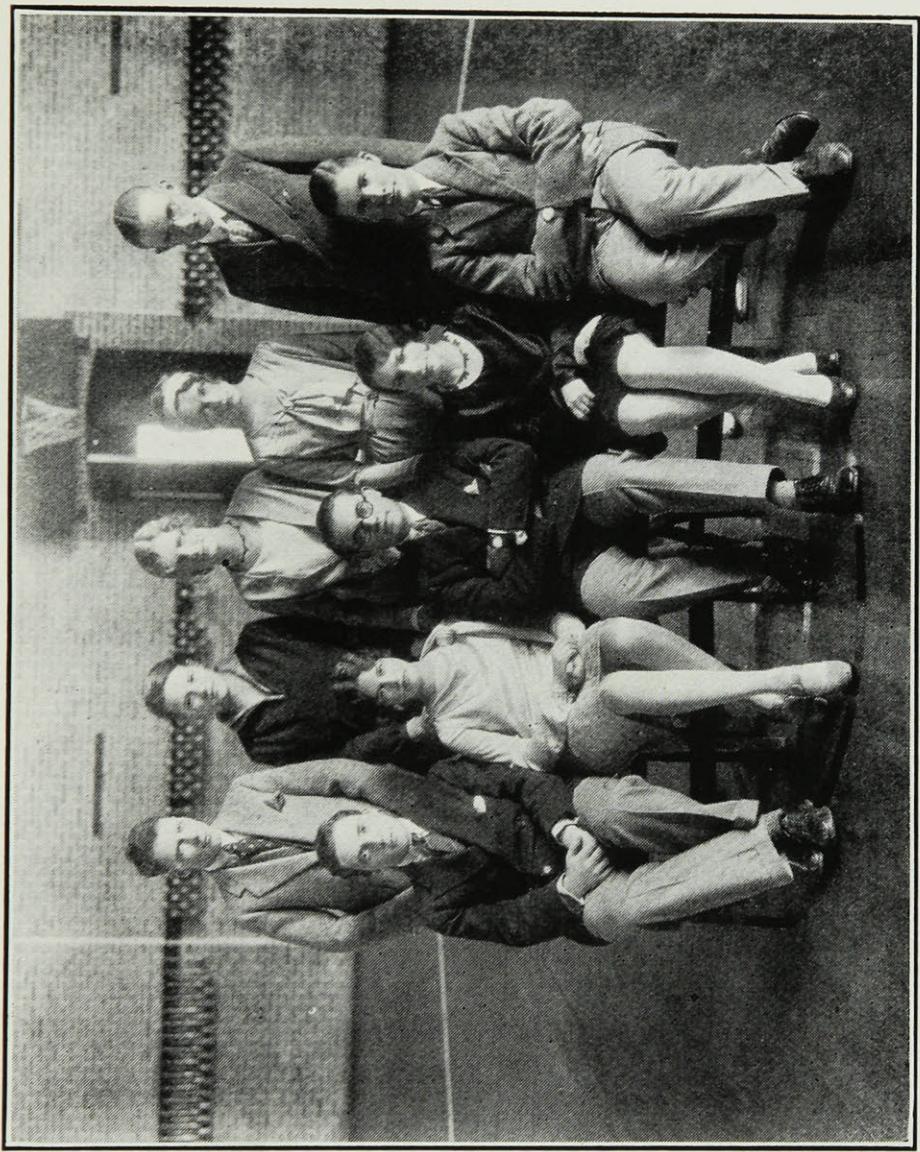
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THE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

THE
**MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**

**“MASTERY FOR SERVICE”
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS**

VOL. XIX

AUTUMN

No. I



*“She was as good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are—
To know her was to love her.”*

Although slightly late, we must not forget that, approximately twenty-one years ago, this college came into being. From the barren, open fields, have sprung the handsome buildings and pleasant lawns which we gaze upon to-day. She has advanced with one aim; always striving to reach that great and worthy goal of her ambition, “Mastery for Service.” And, as we, even in our short generation, look back, we may truly say that she has accomplished, and perhaps more than accomplished, her object. To the founder we owe much, for the lighting of the torch whose flame has burned so brightly ever since. To us is the duty of bringing to that torch a yet greater brilliance. In gaining knowledge we are gaining power, *Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est*, and, in thanks, is there one student, past or present, who cannot say, with fervour and just tranquility, “To know her was to love her?”

In commemoration of this coming-of-age we have decided to change, in some measure, the ideas, methods and publication of the magazine; and we hope that the transition will meet with the approval of our subscribers.

Past editors will, we know, agree that the publication of four numbers in one academic session entails—to say the least—a little too much work; and, consequently, in order to alleviate the stress in examination time, we have decided that three issues, published at scheduled times, would be more advantageous to the students, to the advertisers, and to the members of the board. Furthermore, with due respect to the designer, we feel that the cover of past magazines, with all its beauteous curves, was a trifle too ornate to be fitting; and so, as an experiment, we present a cover which, although plainer, carries, we believe, sufficient of beauty to recommend itself. Following this, it is but one step to change the whole magazine; so we offer you a new quality of paper, and a new arrangement of material on the page. In this way we hope to set the magazine off to better advantage, and to make the material more attractive.

Having now introduced this nineteenth volume, let us turn out attention to several other new—or presumably new—matters which have been brought to our notice this year.

Firstly, we are told that the men's residence, and with this we presume, the whole student body, is now under a regime of "Student Government." To our way of thinking, and we do not stand alone, this appears to be a palpable misnomer. In former years, and we refer, more particularly, to last year, we were following a code of "Responsible Government" whereby we were directly accountable to the faculty for the various major offences which might occur in the men's residence and elsewhere. Has this system been materially changed? The dean, surely, still holds the higher court of appeal in all cases? And this, we think, is as it should be; for we are primarily responsible to the name of our college, secondarily, to the Dean, and, lastly, to our fellow students. We are governed by a system widely acknowledged to be more admirable than the stricter University systems of Europe, and even some other Universities of Canada. The removal of the proctor from the residence does not lessen our responsibility to those in authority. The proctor supported the house committee to the best of his ability,—reporting to higher authority any serious breach. Are not such matters still brought before the Dean without the intervention of the proctor? The House Committee functions in precisely the same manner as last year,—more strictly, perhaps, because they justly feel obliged to do more to uphold the good name of the college. Yet are they not still but a link between the students and a higher power?

We have "Responsible Government," and, after years of experiment, no smoother-running form has been evolved. The words "Student Government" have an alluring sound, but student government is definitely impracticable. Let us face this fact squarely, and

forget a term which, however pleasing to the ear, brings only heat and confusion to our discussions.

Secondly, we have a comparatively old institution—The Philharmonic Society—undergoing a radical change of form. Whether for better, or for worse, remains yet to be seen. The aim of this society is to educate the student mind in matters musical—to give something of a higher nature than the tawdry jazz of the dance-hall; in other words, to instil a desire for, and an appreciation of, real music. The choir, in prior years, has been composed of men and women drawn from the staff, the students and the surrounding district. This year, however, due either to the fact that the men failed to experience a call away from their syncopated frolics to the more idealistic moods of Schubert and Brahms, or that they felt unable to spare the time for rehearsals, there was, from the beginning, a distinct lack of male voices. The shortage was, in fact, so acute that it was decided that the choir should consist solely of female vocalists. This is, we think, a very sad state of affairs, and it is to be hoped that the credit of the society will remain unimpaired, and that, as before, those who are interested in the type of music given at the concerts will continue to extend their support.

Whilst we are still on the subject of music,—whether some of the students have a deep appreciation of music or not, surely there is no excuse for the prevalent ignorance of the “Alma mater.” Although it is sung at all the leading functions of the college life, there are many who do not know even the first lines; (the women of household science are perhaps the worst offenders in this direction). Were a printed sheet of the leading college songs to be distributed yearly amongst the newcomers, there would be far more unison on the various occasions which call for these outbursts.

Lastly, we come to our Saturday-night dance music. At the first one or two dances we were badly placed with regard to this very necessary asset. Whether we had potential talent, or no talent at all, it is hard to say. However, on the return of the “Aggies,” an orchestra was formed which has worked hard and successfully ever since. A start was, however, made to introduce a gramophone, plus four amplifiers, distributed about the hall. This proved a failure, and the whole scheme seems to have been abandoned; which is rather a pity. A very small subscription from each member of the student body would suffice to instal a satisfactory orthophonic, and amplifier; and, even in the case of those who are here for this year only, the benefit reaped would certainly justify the trifling outlay.

The Social Activities committee has sufficient money to feed the machine with the necessary discs, and to periodically add to its

food the popular tunes of the moment. Were this matter to be taken up in more detail we believe that it would eventually prove far more satisfactory to both the students and those who now give up their time to play in the orchestra.

Fourthly, there seems to be a general feeling, this year, that insufficient time is allowed off from lectures for those who are actually playing rugby football. We have received two letters to this effect. Instead of publishing them we think we can better answer them with the old saw, "There is a time for everything—." Our curriculum is not so arranged that, at any time, lectures may be cancelled to meet the wishes of the few. With the aid of the Faculty we have secured a coach, and, in one or two instances, the players have been granted a certain amount of leniency with regard to afternoon attendances. Are we justified in asking for more? The answer is, surely, patent to the rational thinker. The official business of the college cannot be interrupted by a pastime which extends over but six weeks of the session.

In conclusion, we would like to thank all those who have contributed to the lightening of our task. Some contributors will find that their efforts have been delayed until the next issue,—to them we extend our thanks in advance. Others will find that their material has been "turned down." To the latter class of authors we are no less indebted. Let it be remembered that a well-known editor of to-day has publicly valued his waste-paper basket above his office table. We are striving to profit from the terrible experiences of past editors, and the worst of these has been the empty waste-paper basket.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Raymond Boothroyd and Bernard Conniff in their recent bereavements.

Macdonald Comes of Age

*Mid velvet lawns and slender trees,
A graceful structure greets the breeze,
She, from Macdonald takes her name,
Yielding in return enduring fame.
Born but one and twenty years ago
She surely has good fruits to show,
Having amply proved her sterling worth
In aiding those who till the earth,
Showing how the ideal home is run,
Or how the art of teaching should be done.
Yet others, she inspires to aim
At adding lustre to her name
By achievement in research,
Resolving now and then some mystery
In the spirit of her motto "Mastery
For Service."*

—J.E.D.



The Elements

From the liner's deck I was contemplating the vasty deep—its vastness, its deepness, its resemblance to an ocean—and, having exhausted 'Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,' was about to consider, 'Break, break,' when a confident tread behind me warned me of the awful approach of the ship's distinguished passenger. This miserable old bore, having hung his frame on the rail and cleared his throat in a manner possible only to a judge of the Supreme Court, asked me, as sole witness for the defence, how were 'the elements' that morning. I gave a rapid *précis* of my impressions, and was about to discuss the smell of breakfast; but my companion had his nose attuned only to the weather—I mean the elements.

Having descended upon the four seasons of Quebec, with all their interesting irregularities, he took me a little further South, and we watched the dawn in Florida (comparing it the while with similar phenomena in California). Passing over the British Isles with a contemptuous shrug, my mentor next considered the *mistral* (with footnotes on fog and bronchitis; to which—damme—he was a martyr), and from that developed a very creditable address on the Spanish Sirocco, which, curiously enough, reminded him of the torrential rains of Java and of a particularly terrible typhoon which he had weathered (such is the perversity of fate) in the Straits of Formosa. Soon we were 'running up the Red Sea.' "I once saw an egg friend on the deck of a steamer in the Red Sea!" he said. "For breakfast?" I asked, wistfully. "No!" said he, and his eyes glared angrily; for it was not usual for his audience to interrupt the golden torrent of his reminiscence with so many as two consecutive words. "Oh!" or "Ah!" were permitted, but—well, there is such a thing as contempt of court.

He resumed, and, after a day of relentless heat in the desert, I was about to put on my heaviest woollens, in readiness for the unbelievable cold of the eastern night, when a quiet female voice called, "Silas!" and, the waters of Jordan being thus instantly dammed, I departed softly towards breakfast.

From a host of similar experiences, I have come to the conclusion that the weather is reviled, not so much for itself, as for its friends. People of the type of the dear old Judge are really unhappy unless engaged in controversy or prophecy on this, their only subject. So true is this that many of us feel a sense of misgiving in answering enquiries into meteorological conditions, when we should, by rights, be only too well pleased to discuss a topic so friendly. For the weather is indubitably man's greatest ally. It provides him with all he is and has. Its feminine inconsistencies add to existence a spice which is beyond all human valuation; and it is the very mainstay of the art of conversation.

A polite conversation is closely analogous to a game of chess. The opening moves of both have long since been settled by the masters. The weather is the strongest conversational attack. Local scenery follows closely, and is in turn replaceable by such themes as books (latest novels), plays, horseracing, various games, murder trials and music. One must, of course, employ a gambit, suitable to

one's opponent; but no smiling stream of small-talk ever flowed from a source other than one of these. That it is folly to depart from the established path is well illustrated by an adventure of my own.

I was strolling peacefully down a quiet byway when a feverish man accosted me, saying, "Are you in league with the devil?" and at the same time handed me a small booklet entitled, "The Beam in Your Own Eye." I was too stunned to retaliate with some well-chosen *mot*, and what might have been an interesting encounter ended merely with a display of ill manners on both sides—and all because the rules of the game had been ignored.

I have often thought that, if the evangelists were to follow more closely the rules of everyday intercourse, they would cause less animosity and, possibly, get better results. If a man were to approach one with, "What a pleasant day! May I snatch you from sin, as a brand from the burning?" one could be equally charming and say, "I fear the clouds assemble for a shower. Thank you! Please snatch me." or, "The wind is a trifle cold, but I have found salvation in Allah, on Whom the sun never sets." Surely there are possibilities in this suggestion.

There are possibilities in every discourse which has the weather for its origin. I once started a chat with a man on these lines, and, in practically no time, he was explaining that it was quite impossible for me to have an overdraft. And I once saw a young man led to the altar as the result of an intimacy built solely upon a high wind! But all conversations so well-born do not end in disaster. The above are cases which happen to stand out in my memory—as tragedy always does. Often the weather is an instrument of justice. Only the other day I was able to splash that man Jones from head to foot as I passed by in my Ford.

But it is not mere man who makes the best of this priceless heritage. It is (as usual) Woman. It is Woman who organizes "teas" at which the weather is the principal entertainer. It is Woman who finds in the weather, an excuse for the purchase of three hundred and sixty-five (and occasionally six) different *ensembles* of fine rainment annually. And is Woman grateful? Well ask any woman what she thinks of the weather.

—J. A. Rayner.



Those who can do; those who can't teach.—G. B. Shaw.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it never props him up.

"Hy, Emm! Is that your best girl?"
"Nope. Necks best tho!"

Smile awhile, and while you smile, another smiles, and soon there's miles and miles of smiles, and life's worth while because you smile.

American Methods

One of the things that has amazed a newcomer to this side of the Atlantic is the sidelight on American business methods, as revealed by magazine advertisements. One can hardly believe that the average individual is susceptible to such crude and glaring exaggerations, false insinuations, and deliberate misstatements.

If for curiosity or amusement you answer even the most apparently sound advertisement, you are likely to be bombarded by reams of semi-hysterical literature, beginning "My dear Friend," and endeavouring to make it appear that you are receiving some especial and individually favourable treatment or consideration, when, to the initiated, the whole literature simply shrieks with, "It's your money we want."

Perhaps the following quotation does much to explain this state of affairs. It is taken from an anonymous article in Harper's Magazine for April 1928, entitled "The Future of America," and runs as follows:

"In spite of the fact that we are spending more public funds on education than any other nation on earth, there is good evidence that the average intelligence of our people has been declining for the last twenty-five years at least Approximately 25% of the population of the U. S. A. are unable to get through the high schools; and 5% fail in the grade schools."

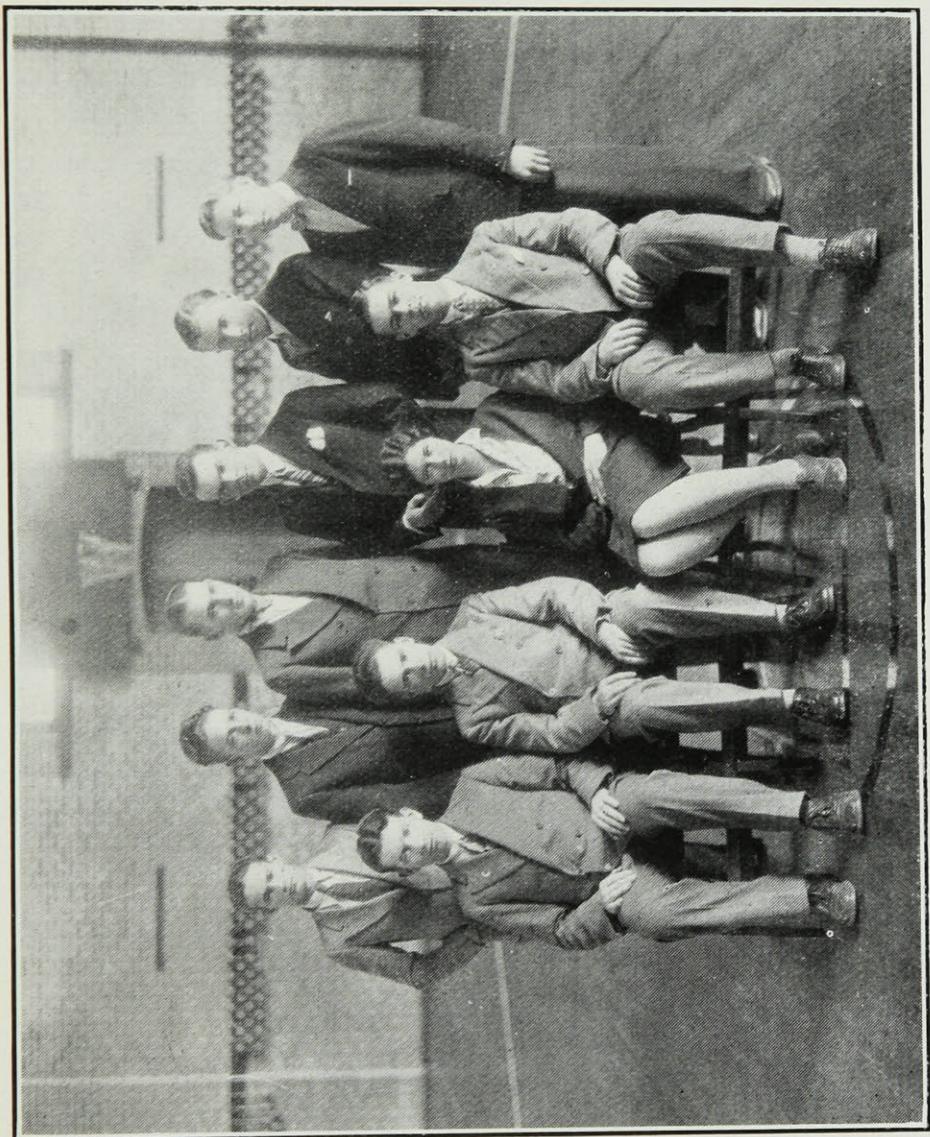
The Literary Guild of America, sometime since, published the following startling and significant figures. Annual expenditure per head in U. S. A. for candy, ice cream and soda is \$18.15 as against a mere \$1.10 for books. In Russia nearly five times as many books are sold each year as in the U. S. A., the figures being 240,000,000 as against 50,000,000.

Should any reader of this article at any time consider taking up some correspondence course, he or she will be well advised to write for the inevitable "Free Book" which "Tells you all about it," at least six months before intending to make a start, in order to get the real rock bottom price, as the following chronological history will show.

During the course of our first lectures on Poultry Husbandry, we were advised to study the Poultry Magazines in the Library. The present writer did so, and as a result thereof, sent a request to the NATIONAL POULTRY INSTITUTE Inc. of Washington, D. C., for their large and handsome illustrated book. This was duly received on Nov. 15th., together with miscellaneous literature apparently intended to convey the impression that the concern was a "National" institution, under the aegis of the Federal Government at Washington.

The "President," one Harry M. Lamon by name, was described as the originator of the famous "Lamona" Breed. Fortunately, we had already learnt that the 15 recognized and registered breeds in the American Poultry world did not include this marvellous fowl. The cost of the complete course, diploma, and services of the employment bureau was only \$47.50!

On Dec. 22nd., I received a thousand words of imitation



AGRICULTURE '32

typescript from the Secretary, and on Jan. 1st., another thousand words of semi-hysterical literature from the president himself, offering me a "Free Life Scholarship." To cut a long story short, the price was now reduced to \$37.50. including three years subscription to the National Poultry Journal. On Jan. 25th., yet another seven hundred words from the Secretary. On. Feb. 15th. the president tries again with some eight or nine hundred words offering the "Complete Practical Poultry Farming Course of Instruction," plus employment service, Diploma, money-back agreement, three years' subscription to the National Poultry Journal, and special metal egg crate for only \$13.50 cash!

I now wrote to say that if there was anything in their course that could not be found in the ordinary Text Book or free Bulletins, I would send along my cheque. I suggested also that they give me some particulars of their "employment service." The secretary's evasive reply, laid stress on their money back agreement, and contained the following carefully worded and non-committal paragraph.

"With respect to our employment service we have *from time to time* calls for poultry men who are *qualified* to manage and operate commercial poultry farms. At such times we always recommend those who have shown themselves to be capable along this line.

No mention, you see, of Diploma holders, for whom, by inference drawn from previous correspondence, they had almost more positions that they could fill.

However, there is apparently more money to be made, or perhaps I should say "extracted" from such a business than in actual practical poultry work. So let us get together and start the "DOMINION POULTRY INSTITUTE INC.," first securing for president and vice-president respectively, the celebrated founders of the famous "LAYMAW" and "FOGHORN" breeds.

—J. E. Davy.

* * *

Achievement

"Young man, you have a noble face,
How did you come into this place?
Why aren't you working out of doors,
Instead of simply scrubbing floors?"
.....He raised his head with injured pride,
And then he haughtily replied:
"I spent two years inbibing knowledge;
I studied at a famous college.
Floor cleaning, if you only knew it,
Needs lots of intellect to do it.
My name is Aristotle Romer;
I won a second class Diploma."

—M. Pyke.

Monsieur Graatz

De la Rue de la Paix

"In spite of everything," said Birnbaum reminiscently, "I like the Americans. What would happen to the antique trade in this country, or in France, without them I don't know."

He scrutinised the ash on his cigar carefully as if communing with it. I had met Birnbaum on the sands at Bischington,—a little, out of the way resort on the South Coast of England, — where he and Madame Birnbaum were spending a quiet week end. Madame was complacently knitting a sock by his side. I remembered that the great art dealer had once told me that he always wore hand knitted socks, and that his good lady always knitted them for him.

"Of course," Birnbaum continued in his slightly husky voice, "they want value for their dollars. They want it. They do their utmost to obtain it, but some of the pseudo-antiquities they insist on buying make me weep for them. Did I ever tell you of Mr. Spenser D. Wilkins?" "You did not," said I, comfortably settling myself in a chair. "Mr. Wilkins," Birnbaum said, with a twinkle in his bright little eyes, "was a connoisseur. He was, I understand, recognised as an authority on Old Masters in his own home town Cincinnati. He himself informed me that he had bought several Old Masters when last he was in Europe. Several, mark you, and for old masters he got them at most reasonable prices."

"Lucky man!" I said, and Birnbaum smiled at my remark before he continued.

"I have been in the trade for many years, but I have only bought one Old Master. Wilkins was very lucky, and I am sure that he fully deserves the reputation which, no doubt, is his in that home town. But the particular picture I want to tell you about was a "Greuze," the head of a young girl with those soft blue eyes which characterise the works of Greuze. "It was hanging in a little shop window in the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, when Mr. Wilkins saw it first. A most interesting little shop, full of curious and beautiful things. It was owned by my friend Monsieur Graatz. He is one of the few genuine cynics that I know, I think I have spoken to you of him before?"

I nodded, and Birnbaum continued in his imperturbable way: "Graatz himself told me the story, and in its way it illustrates the mentality of the American seeking value for his money in such a street as the Rue de la Paix. Wilkins saw the picture one morning, and bent down to examine it, as it was hung rather low.

"What's this?" he asked. 'Oh that! Nothing,' said Graatz. 'I thought at first that it was a Greuze, but I don't think so now. Indeed I am certain that it is not.' He walked on as if the matter was closed. He was taking Mr. Wilkins to see another picture, you understand.

"What are you asking for it?" the American demanded, without attempting to follow Graatz.

"It is not for sale," said Graatz a little shortly, 'I do not sell fakes.' But the American was insistent in his request that Graatz should give him a price.

"It is a little curious that, if one is reluctant to sell an article, a certain type of customer will be satisfied with nothing but that thing. He offered Graatz fifty dollars for the picture, but Graatz in his way is a stubborn man: 'No,' he said 'I do not desire to sell. My wife has taken a fancy to it, and I have promised it to her. In any case, I would rather not sell a picture to you which I knew to be a copy. In this trade, above all others, one's reputation is a valuable business asset.'

"'But if I buy it as a copy,' protested the American, not to be put off. 'Even so, I cannot sell it. It is promised to my wife. And, as a copy it is worth more than fifty dollars, although I do not stress that aspect of it.'

"Mr. Wilkins, of course, assumed from this remark that Graatz was simply attempting to put his price up in the usual way, and increased his offer, only to find that Graatz was obdurate. He was inclined to be annoyed and if ever an American is annoyed, he buys nothing further. It is a pity that it should be so, for they are easily annoyed, but, in any case, Mr. Wilkins left the little shop in the Rue de la Paix without spending a single franc."

"He came back, however, the following day, and brought with him another American gentleman called Sinclair. He is well known in Paris, and he is a connoisseur. He does know; there are few men on the continent who know more about pictures than does Mr. Sinclair.

"His opinion indeed carries weight, not merely with those who wish to buy pictures and seek his professional opinion, but with the trade. I have known him to make mistakes, but very rarely, a picture that would deceive him is good enough for most people. Graatz, of course, knew at once that Wilkins had brought his fellow-countryman to examine the picture he imagined was a Greuze; indeed, I am fairly certain he expected Sinclair would be brought — one gets to understand American psychology after a while in the antique trade. It was obvious that he—Wilkins—did not agree with Graatz' condemnation of the picture. This rather amused my friend, who deliberately left the two of them alone in order that Sinclair could examine the picture at his own leisure, and without interruption.

"When he returned, Mr. Wilkins was obviously in a cheerful frame of mind. He bought a very doubtful sketch of "Corot" at an excellent price against the wishes of the expert he himself had brought to the shop.

"'It is doubtful..... I give no guarantee with it,' Graatz pointed out as he packed up the little sketch. 'I think it is a particularly charming piece of work, but whether it is actually the work of the great painter whose name it bears I cannot say.'

"'None of us is infallible,' said Wilkins. He was, as Graatz had noticed, in an exceptionally good humour. That afternoon he was back again—alone. And once again I fancy that Graatz was not surprised. After beating about the bush for some time he offered Graatz four hundred dollars for the little picture which was, or was not, a Greuze.

"But Graatz shook his head. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'But I do not wish to sell it. I'm certain in my own mind, that it is a copy and I cannot risk the damage to my reputation that would follow if I were to sell a copy.'

" 'But, my dear chap, there is no law against you selling a copy of a painting by Greuze or any other man. And I've offered you a damn good price for a copy. A damn good price!'

" 'You will forgive me Mr. Wilkins, but I could not help noticing that Mr. Sinclair examined the little picture carefully. Evidently he does not share my opinion. I am not infallible, nor is he, but a picture that may be a Greuze—and if it is genuine it is certainly a specimen of his best period—is worth keeping. It is, after all, a matter for experts. If the others agree with Mr. Sinclair, it may be worth very much more to me than the sum you offered, although I admit I only paid three hundred francs for it.'

" 'In other words,' said Mr. Wilkins, 'it's a gamble. If it is a Greuze I get it cheap for.....a thousand dollars. If it isn't.........you do a very fine stroke of business. But's it's my final offer. A thousand dollars—that's twenty four thousand francs.' Graatz smiled.

" 'In my judgment,' he said again, 'the picture is a copy. I will sell it as such if you insist. If I am wrong you will, as you say, have done an excellent stroke of business.'

" 'I understand fully. I will buy it as a copy.....I will give a thousand dollars for it, as it stands.'

"Graatz shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing else for him to do but close with the offer. You cannot refuse an American..........if he goes far enough.'

" 'I will give no sort of guarantee,' Graatz repeated, 'If my opinion is sought I shall condemn the picture.'

" 'No guarantee whatever,' the American said, and ten minutes later was stowing the picture away in the back of his car. And I have every reason to believe that it graces his dining room in Cincinnati to this day.'

Birnbaum puffed thoughtfully at his cigar and gazed out to sea, as if recalling old memories.

"And was it a Greuze?" I asked, feeling certain that he had merely paused for effect.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "It was not a Greuze. But I have no doubt that it is very effective in that dining room in Cincinnati, where Mr. Spenser D. Wilkins is regarded as a connoisseur. After all, there must be a great consolation in being regarded as a connoisseur, even if it is only in one's own home town."

"But what about Mr. Sinclair?" I asked, you said he was an expert—that his opinion was respected even in the trade."

"That is so. I would myself accept his opinion, within certain limitations, upon any comparatively modern picture, particularly of the French School."

"But I gathered from your remarks that he told Wilkins that the picture was a Greuze."

"I'm not absolutely certain on that point, but I have no doubt that he did. None whatever. I think Wilkins' subsequent actions prove it."

"Surely an expert could tell the difference between a Greuze and a copy," I protested.

"Of course. The picture Sinclair saw was without doubt a Greuze, it is now in the salon of Madame Graatz at Senlis on this

very day. As a matter of fact, I sold the picture to Graatz in the first place."

"But you said it was in Cincinnati!" I pointed out.

Birnbaum smiled: "That is a copy, as Graatz said it was—indeed as Graatz described it in the receipt he gave Wilkins. A peculiar people the Americans.....but one cannot help liking them. There is a certain *naiveté*....."

"You mean that Graatz changed the picture after Sinclair had examined it?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't he?" replied Birnbaum blandly. "He said that the picture he sold was a copy; indeed he insisted that it was a copy. He never said that it was the one Sinclair examined. Graatz would never play a trick like that, I'm sure."

—E. G. Sharvelle.



The Campus at Twilight

*A wide-stretched lawn,
Whereon, at evening,
By the low sun's light
Tall trees stand forth
And throw
Long evening shadows
On the cool green grass.
A soft breeze blows,
And fitfully dispels
The lingering traces
Of the long day's warmth.
A flock of birds,
In waving flight,
Slide through the tree-tops
To their night abode.
Then as the blue day fades,
And sun goes down,
From slight seclusion
Comes the slim crescent moon.*

—Evelyn Johnston.

* * *

Sleep and your room-mate's with you. Snore and you sleep alone.

A Sabbatarian Saga

*Out of every hundred
 Whose pockets have been plundered
 To foster the Christian Ideal,
 Twenty men and maidens,
 Pretty 'uns and plain 'uns,
 On Sunday to the foyer steal.*

And they hold hot hands,
 And sing sweet songs,
 And eat stale buns
 In the name of Christianity.

*"There's one more river to Jordan —
 Stop your nonsense Gordon;
 I'm sure I never led you on to that!
 There's one more river to Jordan —
 Look at Susie Borden,
 I can't see what she sees in one so fat."*

So they hold, etc.

*There are currant buns for some,
 And for others chewing gum,
 (But it all has a very Godly flavour);
 And it's best to keep Youth in,
 For, you know, original sin,
 Is proof against the efforts of the Saviour*

And so they hold, etc.

*Out of every hundred
 Whose pockets have been plundered
 To foster the Christian Ideal,
 Eighty men and maidens,
 Snappy 'uns and staid 'uns,
 On Sunday from the foyer steal.
 They don't need divinity
 To fertilise affinity.
 And they don't think it proper at a meal,*

To hold hot hands,
 And sing sweet songs,
 And eat stale buns
 In the name of Christianity.

— Sappho.

“The Equatorial Forests”

Travellers from temperate climates, when visiting the tropics for the first time, are usually disappointed with what they see. There are two reasons for this disappointment. Firstly, tropical scenery and conditions in general have been greatly exaggerated by a large number of previous travellers, and secondly, travellers have crowded into one description all the wonders and novelties which it took them months to observe, and hence produce an erroneous impression on the reader, thereby causing him to experience disappointment when he visits the spot. An instance of the latter is described by Alfred Russell Wallace, the great naturalist, in his book “Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro,” when he states that during his first week in Para he did not see a single humming bird, parrot or monkey. He then goes on to say, “And yet, as I afterwards found, humming birds, parrots and monkeys are plentiful enough in the neighbourhood of Para, but they require looking for, and a certain amount of acquaintance with them is necessary in order to discover their haunts.”

It is different however, with the equatorial forests. No one who has read about them can be disappointed on seeing them. For no writer can, or ever will be able to, do full justice to the subject. It is not only what we see, but what we feel, that thrills us; it is a feeling that can only be experienced when standing in the equatorial forests. I shall now ask the reader to forget all civilization, as we leave it behind, and enter Nature’s citadel, undisturbed and undefiled by the devastating hand of Man.

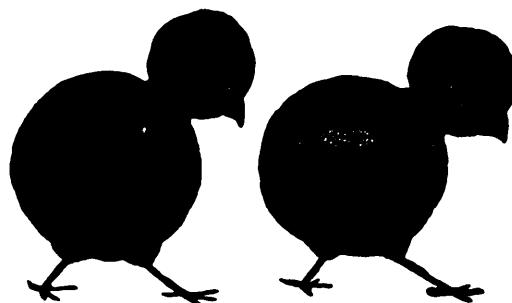
Here we stand in the forest and Oh, what silence; Oh, what mingled feelings of admiration and fear. Admiration I say, for what magnificent architecture do we behold? Fear, because really we stand in a sphere which serves as a striking example of nature’s handicraft, a sphere whose gloomy appearance the uninitiated associate with lurking perils and dangers. The traveller must needs pause for a moment and soliloquise. Seeing no sign posts marked “Handle with care,” he carelessly lounges backwards, but, much to his grief, his soliloquy is brought to a painful and abrupt ending, for possibly, he has rested against the “Grew-Grew (Achrochomia, Sp.), whose trunk is wreathed with thorns greater than an inch in length; or has brought his hand in contact with the stinging nettle, whose leaves produce an irritation of the skin. Awakened by his novel experience, and also, due to the fact that he has by now been acclimatised, if we may term it so, he decides to move further on. He finds, however, that it is not quite an easy task, for so thick is the undergrowth, and so abundant are the stems of the twining and climbing flora, that it is nearly impossible to move without the aid of some cutting weapon. The guide, for indeed one is necessary, proceeds to cut away the shrubbery, and the traveller advances some distance. On closer observation he perceives that the vegetation is in tiers. On the surface of the soil, Mosses, Selaginellas and smaller Ferns flourish. Next come the tree Ferns, a few grasses and a mass of creeping foliage. He is then struck by the great number and variety of the forest trees, whose trunks usually rise for sixty to eighty feet without branching, and which are clad with

creepers stretching from their very tops and winding around in serpent like fashion. The branches of these trees may indeed be said to possess a veritable flora of their own. Plants resembling wild pine-apples, and climbing Arums, with leaves resembling heads of arrows; large-leaved ferns, peep out at intervals all along the stem. Flowers we find are few and far between, except for Orchids, which are present in comparatively large numbers, though not as captivating in beauty as we might be inclined to suppose.

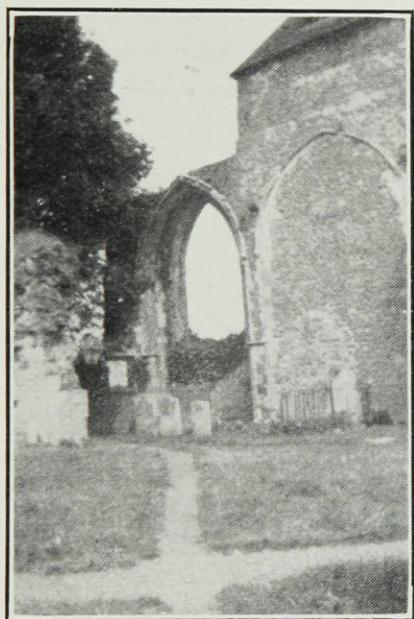
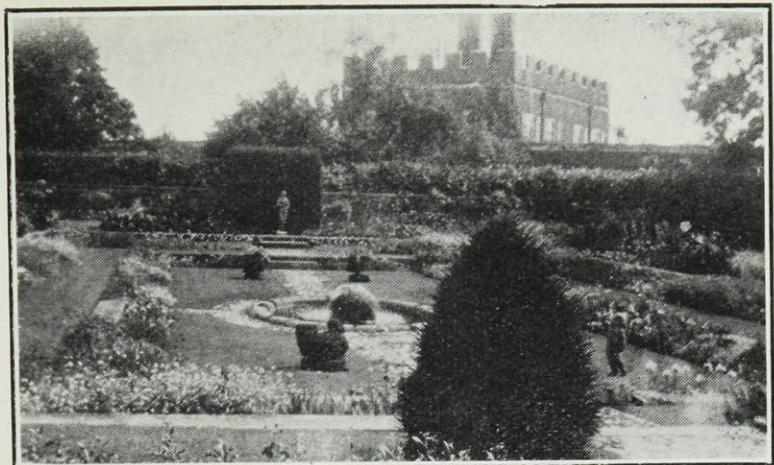
At this moment, the traveller probably asks himself, what about the Fauna?—quite a legitimate question; for has he not heard and read about the tropics, teeming with animal life? A disappointment again, for he has only seen a few insects, especially butterflies, flying around. Of birds he has heard a few, but where are they? He looks in vain, for it will take him some time before he acquires the knowledge of how to detect them. Quadrupeds, also, he has seen very little of. But what about the struggle for existence? It is not always going on in Nature? What about its ethical aspect? Should we not see, or at least hear the cries, of the conquered? But Alas! no, Nature once again works in her mysterious way.

Just as the traveller is about to depart, the guide wields his knife and cuts a bit of stem, which he raises to his lips, drinking a clear liquid which trickles downward. That liquid is water, the plant is the Traveller's Plant, a fountain in Nature's citadel. One writer, in describing this plant, asserted that if, on cutting the stem, it is not carried quickly to the head all the liquid rapidly flows out. The specimens seen by the present writer, though giving an appreciable flow of water, were not as generous in giving up their water supply as those mentioned above. For a parting glance, the traveller now looks up at the Canopy above, and, as Wallace puts it, notices that "The bright sunshine lighting up all above, while a sombre gloom reigns below, adds to the grandeur and solemnity of the scene."

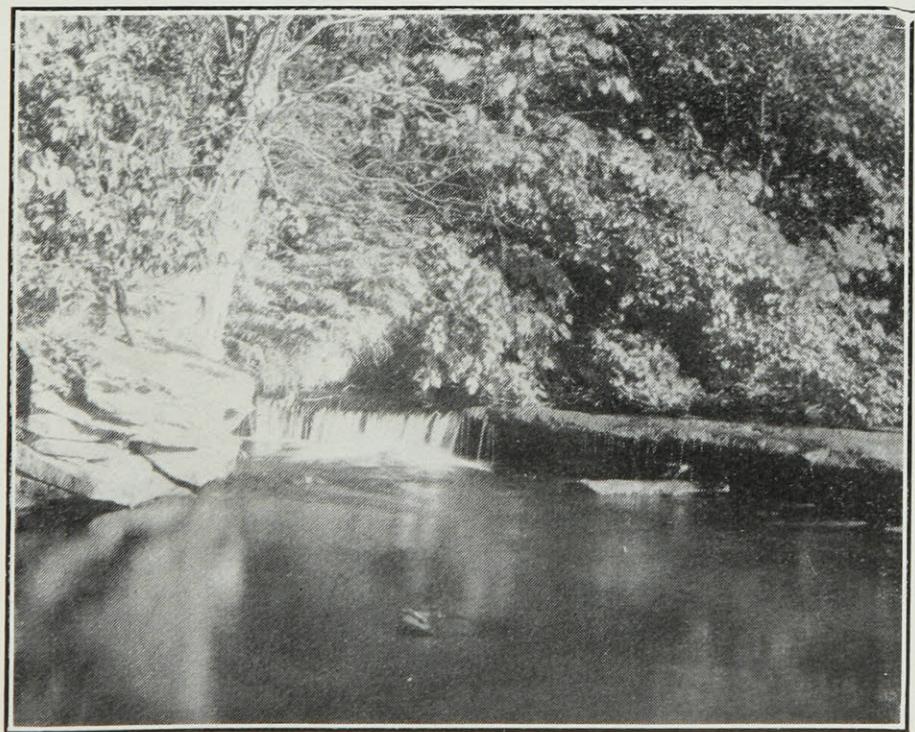
—F.McG.Bain.



Don't do anything until you do it; and when you have done it, stop doing it.



THREE VIEWS OF
OLD ENGLAND



Harnessing the Oyster

Perhaps the peculiar fascination that the pearl has possessed for every age and race lies in the elusiveness of its charm. From the earliest times, we see various theories and legends in vogue, as to exactly how the oyster makes such a wonderful gem.

In the very earliest times, when men lived close to nature, it was thought that the pearl had its origin in a drop of dew. The Arabs firmly believed that the oyster, in the very early morning, came to the top of the water and allowed dew to enter its shell, then, together with the breath of the air and the warmth of the sun, produced lustrous pearls. Such theories as this existed up to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Later, the natives of the East believed that pearls were those eggs of the oyster which were not cast out but had stuck to the matrix, and there were fed unwillingly by the oyster. Here we see the first idea that, in order to make a pearl, an irritant must be present.

Linnaeus, the famous scientist and taxonomist, followed this theory up by piercing the shell of the oyster with a very thin auger and inserting a tiny piece of dust or grit, — the secret, however, was lost after his death and no further investigation was made.

The oyster is a molluse of particular beauty in many ways. For protection we see the shell lined with a smooth material known as "nacre" or "mother of pearl." If, by chance, any object happens to enter his shell, he extends the nacre around it, and gradually puts down irregular layers, corrugated at the edges, until eventually a clear smooth surface is exhibited. Due to the breaking and reflection of light upon these edges, the pearl possesses sheen, orient or lustre.

Having briefly traced the past ideas of pearls, it would be advisable to contrast the ideas of today with those of past days. In recent days, scientists held the idea that the pearl was nothing more than "the brilliant sarcophagus of a worm;" they believed that a parasitic worm entered the shell in its larval stage, and having assumed a spherical form during its growth, died.

Indeed, it is only of very late date that the culture of pearls has been attained. Kokichi Mikimoto, a Japanese, succeeded in successfully forcing pearl manufacture by the oyster itself. The oysters are brought up by girls and women, — the shells are pushed apart and a small piece of nacre or pearl is put in, — the oysters are then allowed to rest for four full years at the bottom of a fairly shallow bay; at the end of this time oysters are brought up again and the pearls removed. It is found that there is a yield of from 5 to 7 pearls, per 100 oysters. They vary a great deal in shape from an exact circle to a long pear.

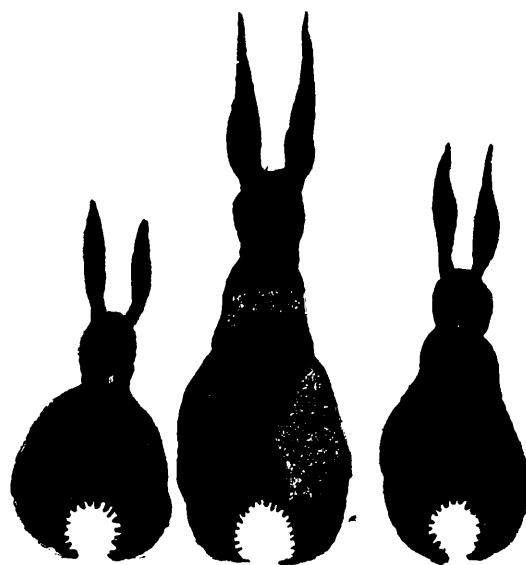
The colour of the pearls varies according to the locality whence they were obtained, — in Ceylon the pearls are silvery or pure white, whereas in Japan and America the colour varies a great deal.

Although the actual method of obtaining the oysters has changed very little, there is a distinct contrast apparent in the commercial manufacture of pearls between the past days and the

present days. Due to increased enthusiasm, experiment and work, the industry has outbounded the narrow channels of long ago.

In Japan the pearl is looked upon as one of the "seven costly things," and rightly so, judging by the present demand for it. The pearls possess in a marked degree all the features of the finest natural gems, with the enchanting satiny lustre, and the tender iridescent rose and faint blue sheen aimed at but never attained by the makers of imitations. The shifting play of these exquisitely delicate tints is much like that of a faultless opal, which sends a deep flame from its heart rather than from its surface.

—E.A.L.



The Door in the Wall

What romance attaches to it!
How it attracts us!

Whenever we happen to pass by, the lodestone draws us to it against our better judgment. We know there will be nothing there, — that the probability of there being anything is infinitesimally small.....and yet we go and look just the same.

And when there is something in it, what pleasure does it give us? Ten to one it is not for us at all, but for the partner given us by an impartial alphabet. And yet, in spite of recurrent disappointments, its spell remains as potent as ever. What is it that calls us to it five times a day at least; that persuades us to face a milling crowd of battling competitors, in order to peer into its unemotional depths? Why do we trouble to obtain its messages at the earliest possible moment?

We tear open the envelope with feverish anxiety, only to be told by two pointing fingers, doubly underlined, that all accounts are payable monthly.

Truly the mail-box is a magic gateway from the great world beyond.

—M. Pyke.

The Return of the Flood

Awake! Awake! Arise and gather up thy raiment about thee, ye dwellers in the land of Bartun, for the days of the flood are once more upon us. Whilst yet the early glimmer of approaching dawn is low upon the world's grey rim, by messenger there fleetly come sad tidings. For the waters of the mighty river of Kampus have burst the confines of their boundaries, and course unchecked, leaving dire distress and desolation in their wake.

Through the early hours of the morn the angry waters curl their hungry tongues about the very portals of the sleeping dwellers in the land of Bartun. The early matins herald the approach of day, as the noble Clarencimus M. Archibaldus, Duke of Saphamoor, aroused by the call to prayer, awakes to find that the greedy waters have already pierced the sanctity of his boudoir, and are even now licking, playfully, the legs of his chaste couch.

The noble Duke springs up and stands on high. Poised 'twixt couch and chair, and waving aloft a sock, he calls upon his vassals, "Arise! To Archibaldus!" But the noble foot doth slip, and his words are choked in the waters of the rapidly rising flood as it gathers o'er his form.

And lo! There comes the stalwart Janitorius Frederickus, the hero of the day, with his gentle spouse closely bringing up the rear. "What ho! What ho! What have we here?" *The trusty Frederick cried.*

"A flood! A flood! Forsooth indeed!" his gentle Louis replied.

"Bring pail and mop," quoth valiant Fred.

("And hurry, dame, or we'll all be dead!")

But he finally straightens his brawny back, and, sweating beads of blood,

"The day is won!" our Frederick cries, "I've quelled the raging flood."

And, verily, he had.

But that was later on; for upon returning from his early morning repast of flakes of Kellog, hide of sow, and fruit of hen, the noble Duke finds, even yet, the flood in his ducal quarters. With rising ire and awful mien Clarencimus to an handmaiden cries, "Woman! What meanest thou? Why doth this state yet persist?" "Sire! Withold your wrath, for I am a woman; and, withal, a woman well reputed—John Bull's daughter, I!" And raising aloft the emblem of her task, the woman makes as if to smite the man of royal blood. But Decimus E. Macsee steps forth and stays the threatening mop; thus saving the palace floor from stain by bluest gore.

Comes also upon the scene the Senator Pickettibus with his far-famed sooth-sayer, Avalonius E. Tanlucus of the portly frame.

Out of chaos arises order. Once more the world revolves in harmony; and peace, contentment, temperance and sobriety hold sway in the land of Bartun.

(By this time, I imagine the reader wonders what this is all about. Well, it means that some damned fool forgot to turn off the hose after bathing the college collie-dog one night, and, next morn-

ing, Joe awoke to find his room in a hell of a mess and his garments floating out through the keyhole. Too bad, Joe! Bad bazziness!)

—E. G. Sharvelle.

Ag: "You remind me of the ocean."

Dip: "Because I'm so strong—and unconquered?"

Ag: "No! 'Cause you're all wet, and you make me sick."

* * *

The accompanying letter was received by the dance committee.—

Dear Dance Committee.—

Doris asked me to decorate the alcove and Charlie Eaves. Hope this suits you.

Isabel.

* * *

Philosophy

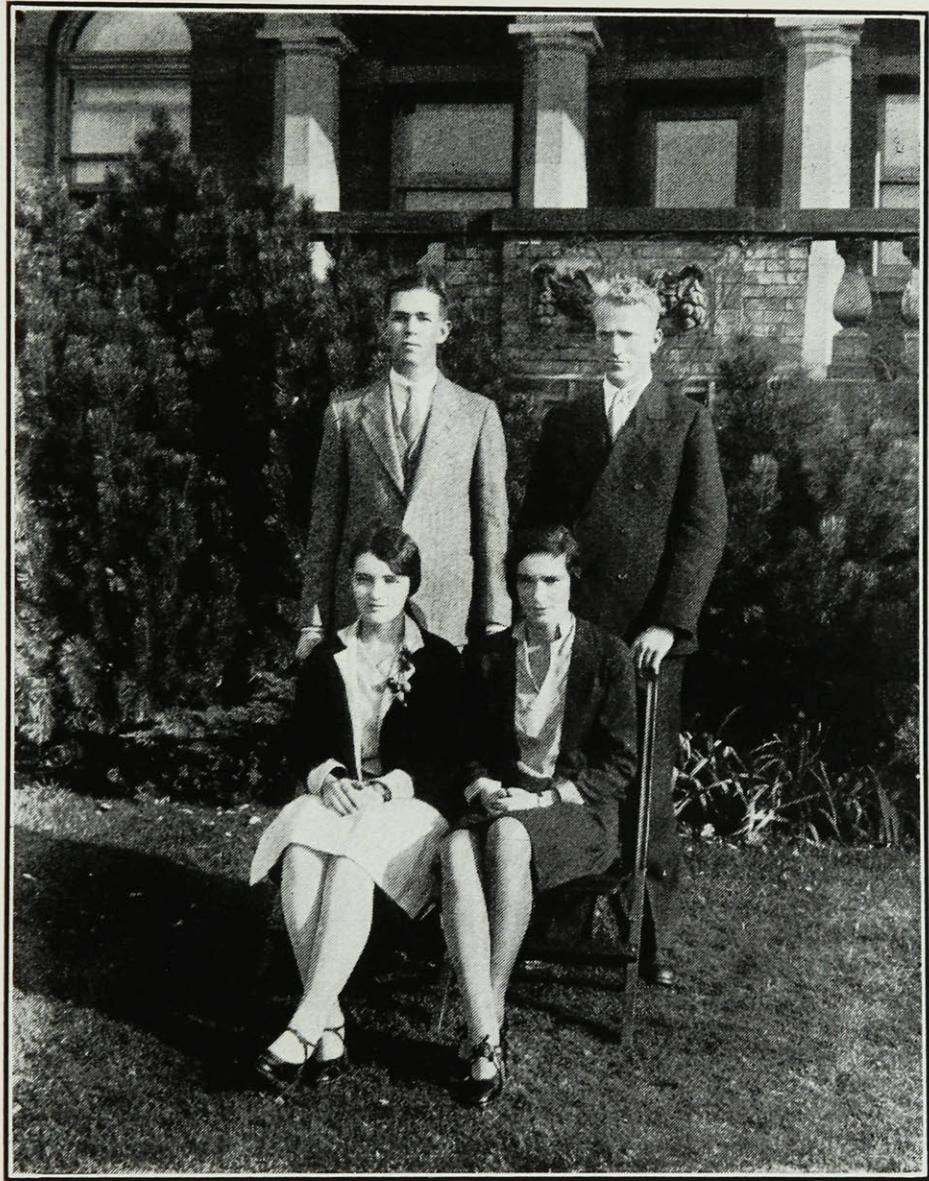
*Some tell us all we see is but a sham:
One says "I think, and thus I know I am;"
One vows: "The mind controls the tiniest part."
Another sage declares: "It is the heart."
Bewildered by philosophy I cry:
"I know I live, I know that I must die.*

*I read the scoffers and am torn with doubt,
The true believers put their thoughts to rout,
So deep they delve. Groping to see the way,
One tells me "yes" the other whispers "nay."
To find the truth is hard I will admit,
Doubt still exists in spite of Holy Writ.*

*I only know that honest men and true
Seem to be prospered in the work they do;
Argue it o'er, to this we still return,
Life seldom gives us what we do not earn.
Philosophers may find some subtler test.
I know myself when I have done my best.*

*Not all the wisdom from a sage's pen
Alters this fact, that life is lived with men;
That here we are, and here we all must stay,
Until at last death summons us away.
My problem, then, is so to act that I
Shall neither be afraid to live or die.*

—Anonymous.



THE S. C. A. COMMITTEE

Research in the East

*(A recently discovered Papyrus is here translated
for the first time.)*

And at the wane of the moon the Seven Wise Men of Makk gat them together and did *repair* to an Holy and secret place, and did commune, each with the Other, concerning the keeping of the damsels that they may not run *wild*. And at the head of the Seven there was one more beloved of the Lord than the rest, and his name it was a comfort to the righteous.

Now this was an Holy man, and of great stature, being seven cubits high; and his wisdom was the envy of the birds which do *hoot* in the night, yea, his wisdom was of a piece with his stature; and before him all did fall, even the high-stomached.

And the moon did six times wax and wane ere word was heard from the Seven; but at the seventh full of the moon the word *was* heard.

And a voice spake in this wise: Know ye that in our land are damsels on the one hand, and on the other, men. Know ye also that these damsels, being approved by us, and these men also, there be not in this land, nor yet in the lands of our enemies, damsels more *trusty* nor men more *full of* faith.

Nevertheless, it is written in The Book of Time that damsels do run *wild*; and therefore have I and my Brethren made speech amongst us, and I do now say unto you these words, that they be a law unto you, and unto thy seed.

Around our damsels' house there shall be placed (at sundown), a girdle of strange men, picked from the land of Snan. And these men which watch shall be of the most renowned in all the land of Snan.

Yet, since it is written in the Book of Time that mistakes are the common lot of men, ye shall place around this girdle a band of watchers to be a guard unto them that also watch.

And since, moreover, it is written in the Book of Time that all men be mortal, ye shall place around the watchers a girdle of men to be a guard unto them.

Thus shall ye have three *trusty* circles around the damsels.

Nevertheless, since well ye wot that which is written in the Book of Time, ye shall place, at sundown, a band of watchers to be a guard about them that watch.

And moreover, it being written that all men be mortal, ye shall place,.....

(Here the manuscript becomes illegible.—Author).

(And not before time.—Ed.)

Warts, their Cause and Control

By MAC, the P. G.

(Department of Unnecessary Affairs, Macdonald College.)

This disease humorously manifests itself by the formation of tumour-like enlargements on any exposed part of the human body. Only rarely have they been found, say, in the middle of the back of the host, but then each one can be skillfully disguised as a beauty spot. On most of us, unfortunately, the growth develops where and when we least want it.

Typical warts of various races have been known for more than a century. Many French and German writers ascribed the trouble to frost and mechanical injuries. It has been suggested that Human Warts have been introduced into this country with European importations, and owing to its wide distribution on this continent, the disease has been a frequent subject for investigation by experiment station and federal workers, and a voluminous literature has developed. Between 1890 and 1919 opinions were prevalent in the United States concerning the nature of warts; some workers pointed to its probable infectious character, while others decided that these galls are not the work of a parasite, but are some malformation due to excessive irritation, such as lightning injury.

Since the determination of the nature of the wart, workers have been directing their efforts again to finding effective control measures and also to finding out the degree of injury caused by the disease in the orchard, garden party, or the home.

Symptoms.

Two general types of warts are characteristic: (1) typical growths, free of fur, and varying in form and size, located on the nose, cheeks, Adam's apple, or the back of the neck; (2) excessive or abnormal development of knobs with or without superfluous pubescence. These warts may be irregularly globular or elongated in form with a more or less convoluted surface, the size varying somewhat with the size and vigour of the structure from which they originated, sometimes exceeding this six to ten times in diameter. In actual size they vary from the size of a pin head to gigantic overgrowths weighing 50 to 100 pounds, although this maximum size is rather uncommon. The surface of young warts is almost white at first, but this later changes to the colour of surrounding normal parts, and may even become darker, from the decay and weathering of the surface cells. Some of the tumours are made up of succulent and delicately tinted tissues, a pride of the owner, and the envy of others.

The hairy phases of the disease are known by the abnormal production of hair or incipient hair. The following types of pubescence are recognized: (1) simple hairy wart, characterized by numerous, small, wiry hairs growing singly or in tufts from the tip or the base; (2) the woolly-knot form, initiated by the formation of the tumour, which soon produces many fine hairs from its surface, with intricate branching and frequently with fasciation; (3)

the broom type, consisting of a broom-like grouping of fine hairs, usually at the end of a side hair; (4) the aerial type, with the progress of the disease, breaks through the skin with an audible sound and is shot off with considerable force. Under normal conditions these hairs do not develop further, but cuttings from the hairs from the earlier stages of the disease will produce normal hairs if supplied with suitable moisture conditions.

Economic Importance.

Human Wart manifests itself in such a variety of ways on so many different subjects that it is impossible to generalize as to the kind and extent of injury which may result. The amount of injury varies with the host, its age (the correct age) at the time of the infection, location of the tumours, number of infections and the type of host response. In various cases the following effects have been recorded: retarded growth and dwarfed development, the killing of the Ego, the host endeavouring to hide the growth of the tumour, and experiencing the insatiable desire to use patent beauty cures. The general tendency of the blight is to take the joy out of living, and to make mountains of mole hills—in fact, to break up the current civilization. Unless stopped soon in its all-overpowering advance, it is quite probable that the white race will soon die out, out of shame, while the more resistant yellow and brown races will take its place.

The Human Wart organisms are very widely distributed and are apparently native in many skins, where they may lead an independant existence or persist in old warts. They appear to be unable to enter normal, uninjured tissue, but can readily establish themselves through mechanical injuries of many types, such as pruning and grafting wounds, resulting from shaving, or from insect injuries, etc. The period of incubation, before the appearance of the wart, varies from five days to several weeks on the various hosts, and, in some cases, the organism may remain dormant for months before any evidence of infection can be noted. "If there is no growth of the host there is little or no development of the wart. Inoculation late in the fall often will not develop until active life is resumed next spring." (Kubla Khan, 43 A. D.)

Prevention and Control.

This is complicated by the large number of susceptible hosts grown under a great variety of conditions, by the possibility of cross-inoculation from the various hosts, by the widespread occurrence of the causal organism in the skin, and by the abundance of the disease in nursery stock. The practices may be discussed under the following heads:

1. The Use of Disease-free Stock.

This is provided for in part by nursery inspection, but the parent should always examine young stock before allowing it in the family, and discard any that shows evidence of the disease.

2. Dipping of Family Stock.

Since there are many opportunities for apparently disease-free stock to be carrying the disease, treatment of the young stock with a disinfectant has been recommended.

3. *The Protection of Sterilization of Grafts.*

This is of prime importance, since most infections occur through grafting wounds. Good results have been obtained by wrapping whisker root grafts with cloth steeped in chloroform, and nearly as good protection by a continuous, sterile (boiled in coal-tar substitutes) thread wrapping applied by a machine evenly and closely all over the union.

4. *The Prevention of Wounding.*

This applies to young children in the nursery and also to young people in the orchard. Breaking the skin with the hoe or other cultivating tools is a common source of danger.

5. *Surgery.*

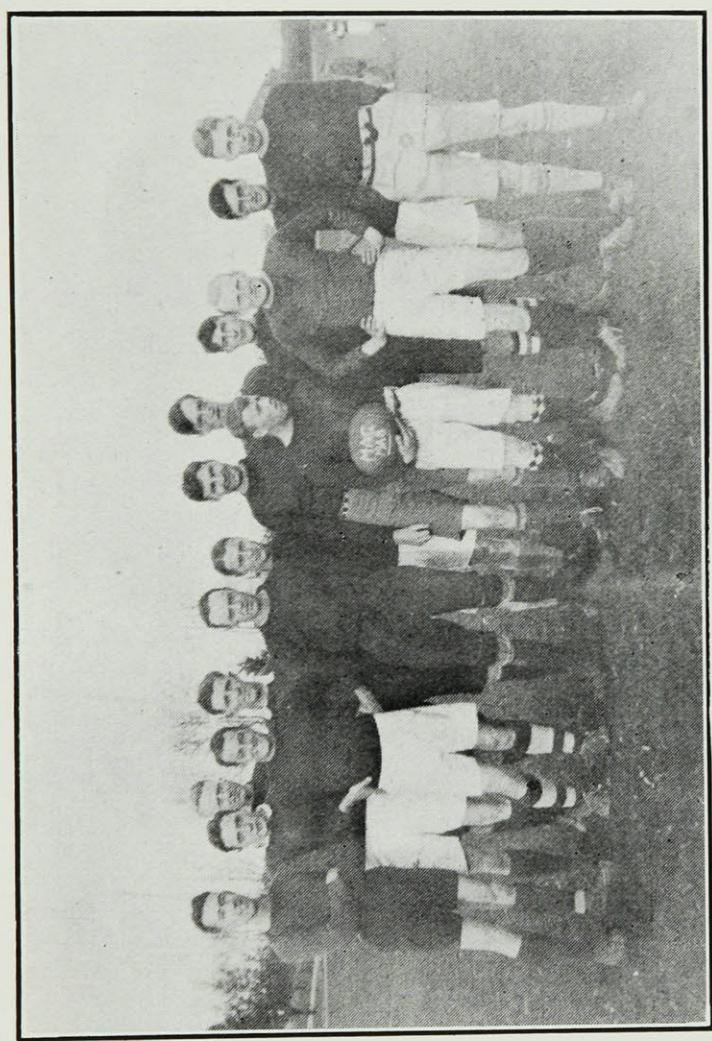
Badly infected young subjects should be removed and destroyed rather than treated. Cutting out of the warts on young or old subjects is unsatisfactory, since the warts may develop again at the edges of the cut, but some good may result. If the warts are removed, the work should be carefully done by lifting them gently off with a crowbar, and then treating the surface of the wound with bluestone solution, or Listerine. Deep wounds can be temporarily filled with Portland cement in proper proportions with sand and gravel.

We Should Like to Know —

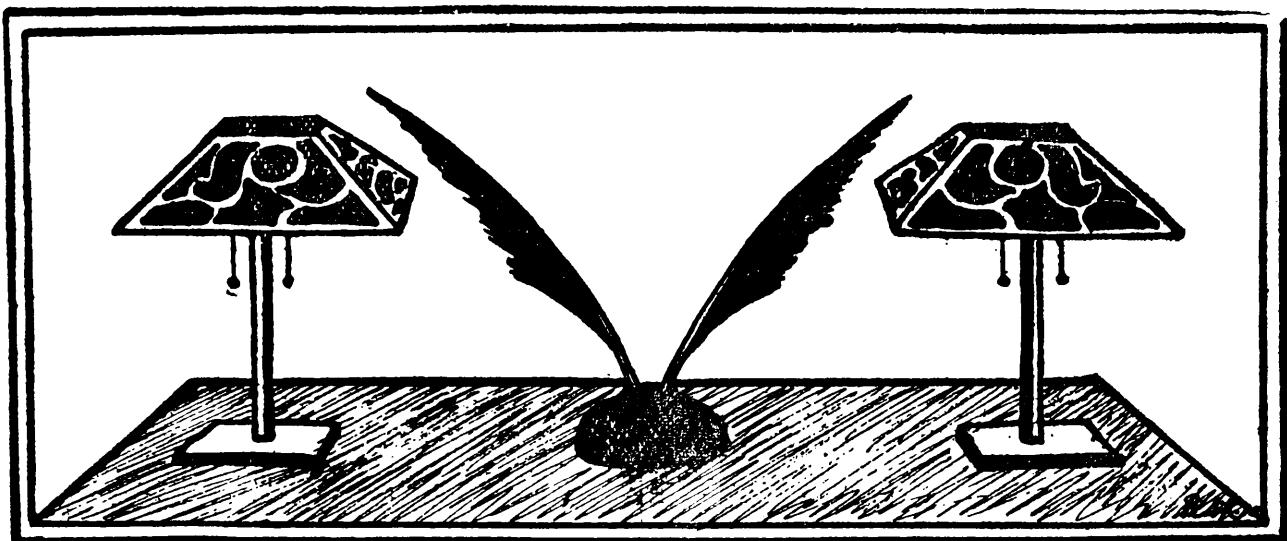
Which dignitary's car was found outside a certain residence one night, and why?
Who wears slips with set-in sleeves?
If the Bishop has found a lost soul; and has she returned to the fold?
Whether it is "big beezness" that is wearing Ralph to a shadow?
Who knows the College Song?
Is farming a much misunderstood occupation?
Is it true that with ten cents, and a Diploma, one can obtain a cup of coffee anywhere?
What are the qualifications for a "spotter?"
Who is the man with soul so dead
Who says, with widely opened head,
"This is *my* milk, *my* butter and *my* bread."?
Should we elect a prompter for the elocutionary contest?
What would happen if a Saturday night hop finished at 10.15 p.m.?
Why does a certain lecturer in Bacteriology blush during lectures?

* * *

Slander is a moth which eats holes in a good name.



THE ENGLISH RUGBY TEAM



Under the Desk Lamp

Dear Mr. Editor::

In writing, I ask, is it possible that I might bring the matter of the Formal Dances to the notice of the Student Body.

The dances supported by the College, and patronized by College officials, should surely be "College Dances," and not relinquished to outsiders; also, it is not fair to those people in either residence who are practically unable to go because they find themselves superseded by one of these outsiders. Another point, and indeed an important one; owing to the lack of space in the Buildings it is impossible to accommodate these people, who, if only for one night, make a public nuisance of themselves.

Therefore, is it not possible that something might be done about the next two Dances, so that they may become College affairs and not like any one of the dances to be had in Montreal on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays?

Yours Sincerely,

HORS CONCOURS

Dear Mr. Editor:

We went away last year, confident that on our return to college we might exercise the privilege of escorting the girls for walks on Sundays.

We are therefore greatly disappointed to find that this is not the case; the only excuse that can be offered us being that outside men might come and take that privilege upon themselves. Surely cases such as these could be reported to the Girl's Residence Committee which has, more than once, shown its capability in this respect.

I am,

Yours Truly,
DANTE.

Answers to Correspondents

HEART-BROKEN:— If Emmy does not love you, try Archie.

BEWRONGED:—I am afraid there is no redress. If the seniors *do* openly purchase forbidden goods from Wright's cabinet, it is not for juniors to complain at their harshness in other directions, my dear.

HARD-OF-HEARING:—If you cannot hear what your neighbour is saying, during the debates, I suggest that you ask the speaker to stop.

INTERESTED:—To say that the standard attained by the women speakers in the recent elocutionary contest was lower than that of the average kindergarten, is uncharitable. Say, rather, that the better talent was not entered.

FRESHMAN:—I am afraid your complaint, like so many others, is not valid. You must remember that you are not at High-School now. A College student is expected to conform to regulations as to dress, diet, hours of work, hours of play, tone of voice and demeanour. In the past I have recommended crewel-work for the long winter evenings. Won't you try it?

RACHEL:—I understand, Rachel, and sympathise with you. It seems hard that in an undenominational college, you should be asked to support a (to you) heretical sect. Such a society should, as you say, be confined to students who feel a direct call. Have patience, my dear; in time, reason may prevail.

Uncle Lionel.

A professional hint, given in the lecture-room.—‘Although you are not married, you must consider where your children are to be educated.’

A New Recipe for Hash

A wife asked a husband—an absent minded professor—to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best—poor man—but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning setting-up exercises, and the other the recipe. This is what he took down.

“Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl. Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.”

— Dalhousie Gazette.

Agriculture '29

*"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Yo, ho, ho! And a bottle o' rum—
Drink! And the Devil will do for the rest—
Yo, ho, ho! And a bottle o' rum."*

Fifteen strong—with no deserters—we manned the 'Ship of State' on Oct. 1., full of the usual determination to make this a record voyage. Almost before we lost sight of land, we had to look to our guns, for marauders came perilously near robbing us of our famous silver goblet. This trophy has travelled with us on our three previous voyages as an emblem of our athletic prowess, and rather than lose it, we would have scuttled the ship. Rallying to our old battle-cry—"Kick 'em in the wish-bone, hit 'em in the jaw,—'29—'29—Raw, raw, raw!" we succeeded in routing the enemy, and, for a while, all went well.

There was some disinclination, on the part of the crew, to accept the position of Master-at-Arms, but after a conference with the owners, the difficulty was overcome. Though our course leads through dangerous waters, we have only to steer a middle course between the Scylla of exams. and the Carybdis of fussing to land safely with our 'Golden Fleeces' at the Capitol.

*"It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,
It's Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail.
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new."*

Sponsors for the voyage were elected as follows:—

Hon. Pres.—Dean H. Barton

Hon. Vice-Pres.—Prof. J. G. Coulson.

Officers of the Watch

Captain—E. G. Paige

Lieutenant—L. Howatt

Purser—Miss M. E. Merritt-Hawkes

also,

Bo'sun, bo'sun's mate, A. Bs., bell-boy, mascot, ship's rat and stowaways.—N. B. McM.

Agr. '30

*Vim and vigor, speed and pep,
We're the boys to make you step.
When we're out, watch our dust,
Aggies 30; win or bust.*

Although slightly depleted due to the loss of one or two of our valuable members, we nevertheless opened the session with a larger class than last year. Nine new members hailing from Truro entered to help us keep up our past good academic achievements. We have members of the year represented in every option of the college—even including Poultry! With combined cooperation both from an academic and social aspect we hope to even surpass the past year's record of the juniors.—E. A. L.

Class Mascots:—Misses Moffat and Leach.

Agriculture '31

Numerically, we are much stronger this year; and in the short time which has elapsed before going to press, we have won the inter-class tug-of-war, so our strength is not purely that of numbers. October 1st. brought us back (most of us) smiling and, believe it or not, ready for work.

H. L. Packard has mysteriously disappeared from our ranks. Jack Boles and Aird Nesbitt are also missing, but there is no mystery in either of these cases—only regrets.

We welcome an encouraging list of new arrivals. Victor Archer, from the Trinidad Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, has already shown his prowess on the running track. Dave MacCuish, C. M. Archibald (Joe), Willie Ferguson and C. B. Dalton have all shone brightly in some quarter of the campus firmament during the past two years, and we appreciate the compliment they pay us in choosing Ag. '31 as their vehicle along the road to Om-niscience. Armed with Diplomas, and faced with a year of specially selected toil, Charlie Eaves, Bill Waugh and Conniff-and-Boothroyd are helping successfully to make the new-born year all that a new-born year should be.

Bill Dickison retains the Presidential seat, and our honorary officers, also, remain unchanged.—J. A. R.

Agriculture '32

On the first day of October, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, nine young gentlemen came together for the first time in the hall in the Main Building. The next day they were all pleasantly surprised at finding a young lady in their midst.

We are gathered from various points in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Some are farmers already, and some are just beginning to find out which end of a cow the milk comes from. However, we are a great bunch of optimists. Apart from appearing at several dances, and occasionally at dinner, half dressed, we have been moderately well-behaved. We took all our various entertainments and initiations like the aforementioned gentlemen. Well! all that is past—and *payed* for, too, thank goodness—and we are now full-fledged “Aggies.”

The officers for the year, both honorary and otherwise are as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. A. R. Ness

Hon. Vice-President—Prof. S. R. N. Hodgins

President—N. R. McLeod

Vice-President—D. A. Finlayson

Secretary-Treasurer—A. W. S. Hunter.—A. W. S. H.

Diploma 1929

It was in high spirits that we reassembled on Nov. 1st, thirty-three strong, out of an original number of fifty-nine. Not only was it a great pleasure to meet old acquaintances around the Campus, but we ourselves were glad to see each other again.



A SUSSEX GATEWAY



BIG GAME HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS!

We lost no time in exchanging our experiences, which seem to have been more satisfactory than those of the previous year. Several members of the class have been invited to return, either for Christmas, or next season, which speaks well for both sides.

Everything seemed rosy on re-union day, and all hardships forgotten, such are the peculiar workings of the human mind. Our sister students, as they trooped into the dining hall, seemed like a beauty chorus entering from the wings of a stage. Cynical Magnus assured us that we were suffering from a temporary illusion, but he surely has an "old head on young shoulders," or is it a "a young head on old shoulders," the latter are certainly bowed down as with the cares of age and wisdom.

Anticipation of Nov. 1st., was undoubtedly a star that cheered us through many a dark and weary hour, but we have doubtless all benefited in one way or another from our various experiences, as is indicated by improved records in the interclass sports.

We are evenly divided this year, between Dairy farming and Horticulture, several of the former Dairy group having changed over, while members of both groups are taking the Poultry option.

Last year's President is rumoured to have joined the "Mounties," and Rex Bishop was elected to fill the vacancy. We congratulate him on winning the Elocutionary Contest.

Other officers are as follows:—

Vice-President—R. Connor
Secretary—J. E. Davy

Diploma '30

This year there are 34 freshmen in the Diploma course, of whom 20 are English fellows who came out under the comparatively new C. P. R. scheme. Originally 28 men arrived this spring, but 7 went home and 1 transferred to the Degree Course. The general opinion is expressed that quite a good time was spent on the farm this summer, although the hours were rather longer than expected. A new insurance policy was taken up this year, and the company had three or four claims to meet. The greater part of the fellows are taking the Dairying option, and only about a dozen chose Horticulture. We are all looking forward to the Canadian winter, just to see what it is like, and a number of the bolder have purchased skates. Our heroic efforts to learn this gentle art will probably cause great amusement, especially to the ladies. None the less, we'll try hard!!—and fall hard!!

The following are the officers:

President—S. D. Hemsley
Vice-pres.—H. H. Elliott
Sec.-Treas.—S. J. Chapman

B. H. S. '29

On the first of October, 1928, eight well-fed and healthy-looking girls returned to Macdonald College. Who would believe that they were the same harassed students who, the spring before, had staggered, thin and haggard, after the strain of examinations, to their respective homes? Many were the tales they told of their ad-

ventures during the summer. Babs, very foolishly, attempted to climb a telephone pole. She tells us that it was 9 a.m. Was it the morning after, or still the night before? But we fear we are unjust. Electrical experiments hold a charm for her that few of us are privileged to share. Our sage Ada spent the summer months making bran muffins and butter soup for the children at Toronto Hospital. We are a bit vague as to the heat-producing value of butter soup, but we know that it was "hot stuff" she served in the apartment. The Gordon sisters refuse to give an account of themselves, but, since they have *come* back, Margaret has spent most of her time chasing the electrician, while Claire looks after the delinquents of the College. Jean Macdiarmid fed the hungry mobs at the Sun Life Cafeteria this summer. Believe it or not, she made a hundred and fifty pies in one day! Tat was back among her clan and, according to what we hear, the custom in Sydney must be the opposite of that in Turkey. For Tat, it seems was running a "hâ-rim!" What did Jean find, at the top of the mountain, that made the car back down? And was it on the Caribou trail that she found the extra pounds? Flo still loves him—and how!—K. McL.

B. H. S. '30

Goods things come in small parcels, as the proverb runs, and that is why the Junior B. H. S. class numbers only four. But we're here to do our stuff, and boy, won't we show 'em! Two from the East and two from the West—University of British Columbia, University of Bishop's College and McGill.

As soon as we arrived we got down to business, and now our class is doing all sorts of things; presidented by Ethel Moffatt and secretaried by Jean Leach.

We love our teachers, and our uniforms are the correct length, *but—keep your eye on B. H. S. '30. (?!?)*

*One, two, three, four.
Who are we four?
We're the BIG FOUR.
B. H. S. '30!*

—E. M.

Senior Ads

So here we are, back again and already submerged in tests. The Junior Ads. of '28 were 18 in number, but did not return in full force.

Kay Grey and Bea Neveu have forsaken dietetics on a large scale and are practicing it more intensely in their own newly acquired domains.

Lover Fisher and Estelle Laurin are taking business courses in Ottawa and Boston respectively.

That brought the number down to fifteen, but two "old girls" have returned to swell the ranks to seventeen.

Jessie MacDonald, Jr. Ad. of '27, tired of doing nothing in Valleyfield but drive her car, has come back, and Helen MacKenna,

Homemaker of '25, who had been at Mount St. Bernard College, Antigonish, acquiring much useful knowledge, is the second.

The rest are back after summering by the sea, in the mountains, and some very lucky ones have travelled abroad.

"Heeney" is our president, and Joe McGee our secretary.

Junior Administrators

September the twelfth was the fateful day when twenty-three girls arrived from all the Dominion, as well as from Trinidad, Newfoundland and the United States, to take the Household Ad. Course at Mac. This is the largest class for some years, and we are hoping it will prove to have quality, as well as quantity. Two of our members who were here before liked it well enough to come back.

Early in the term we held a meeting and elected our class officers—Myrtle Slater was elected president, and M. Fulton secretary.

Home-Makers

Our Homemaker's class, consisting of thirty-four members, is one of the largest on record. Various parts of the Dominion are represented; Victoria, B. C.; Chatham, N. B.; Charlottetown, P. E. I.; a large number from Montreal; but the largest number came from our Capital City, Ottawa.

At our first meeting, we elected the officers for this year. The result was: Alice McIntosh, president, and Beryl Trawbridge, secretary. We have held several meetings since, in the Reception room, electing the representatives for the other societies of the college and discussing class pins and blazers.

We think our Homemakers a mighty snappy crowd! Any objections?—B. T.

School for Teachers

The following are the students who have been elected to "fight the good fight" for the Teachers in Training for 1928-29.

Class Pres.—Hazel Sinclair. *Class Sec'y.*—Helen Knox

Section Representatives

Eleanor Dixon

Phyllis Holliday

Mary Armstrong

Doris Robertson

Iris Holt

Irene Paterson

We all arrived on September the fifth, and were soon introduced to our new work. One of the outstanding qualities of our class seems to be the feeling of good-will towards one another and towards our college.

Though there are fewer Teachers this year, we all hope that the impression we leave will be as favorable as in former years. So far we have been happy in our new life, and expect as the year goes on, to enjoy it still further.

Agricultural Alumni

The Alumni Association Memorial Scholarship has been granted to N. A. Drummond, '28. Drummond was graduated last spring, having followed the Animal Husbandry option, and is now registered with the University of Toronto, taking work in Economics and Marketing. His work is taken partly in Toronto, and partly at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. This is the first time that the Memorial Scholarship has been held away from Macdonald.

D. Bruce Flewelling, '12, and Miss Hilda Rhodenizer of Bridgewater, N. S., were married in September last. They are residing in Bridgewater where Mr. Flewelling is stationed as a representative of the Provincial Department of Agriculture.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ness, '12, announce the birth of a son, William.

H. J. M. Fiske, '24, has left Ottawa and is now with W. J. McCart and Co., 74 Colborne St., Toronto. Messrs. McCart and Co. are Wholesale Fruit Dealers.

H. F. Williamson, '15, is now in Toronto as the Canadian Representative of the James Manufacturing Co. His address is 276 Indian Road, Toronto.

A. W. Peterson, '21, has been transferred from New Brunswick to Ottawa. He is now Supervising District Inspector of Pure Bred Swine.

Eric McGreer, '22, is now with "The Ontario Farmer" one of the publications controlled by the Consolidated Press, Toronto.

W. H. Perron, '23, who received a travelling scholarship from the Quebec Government, has returned from Europe where he was studying landscape art.

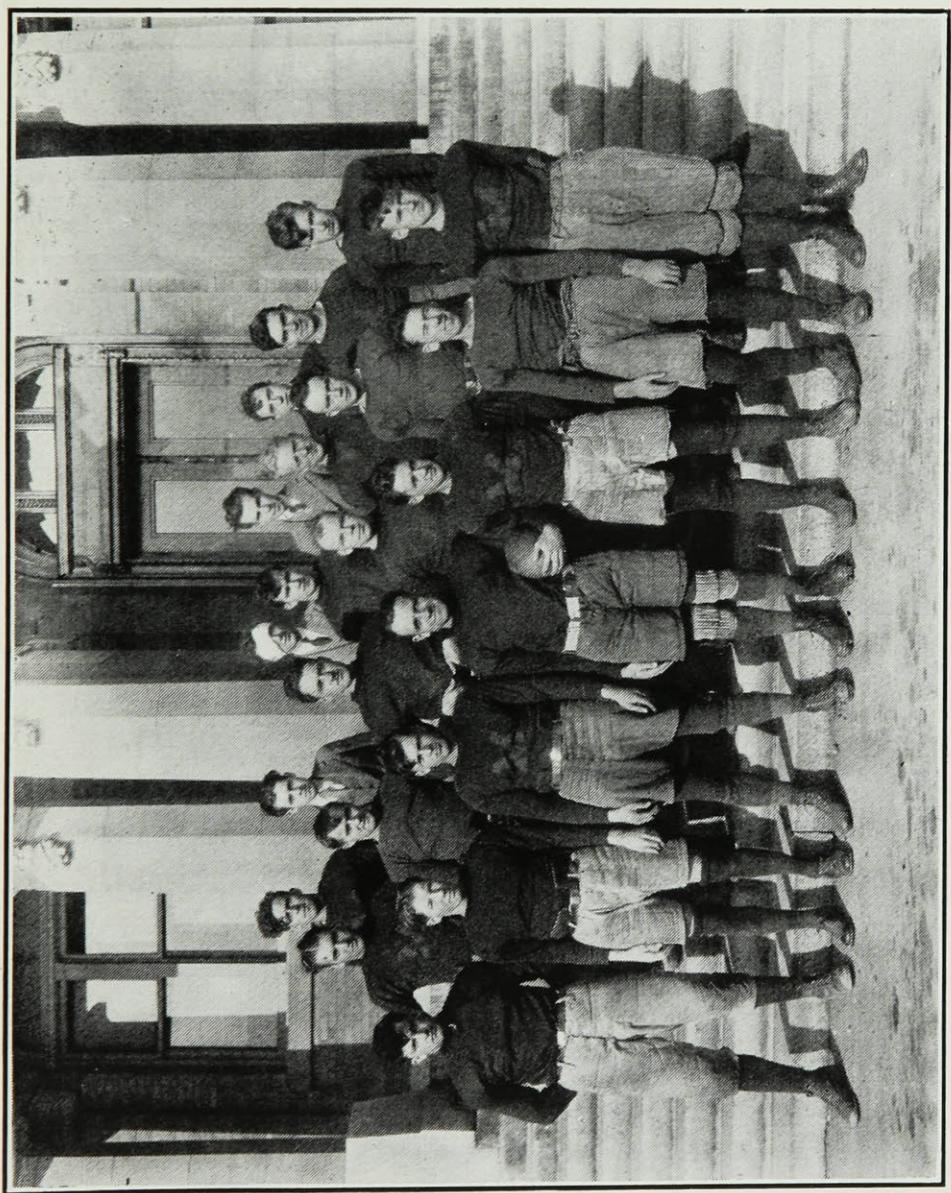
Mr. and Mrs. Perron announce the birth of a son.

Arthur Maw, '23, is a student assistant in the Department of Genetics at Wisconsin.

T. C. Vanterpool, '23, is now Assistant Professor in the Department of Biology at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanterpool announce the birth of a son.

THE FOOTBALL SQUAD



H. R. Angell, '25, who received his doctor's degree last June from the University of Wisconsin, has received an appointment as Plant Pathologist in Australia.

G. B. Montserin, '27, received his master's degree from McGill last June, and is now continuing his graduate work at the University of Toronto.

H. P. Rowell, '28, and Anne Argue (Senior Administrator, Household Science, '25) were married in September last.

There are thirteen in the class which was graduated last May. Five of these are continuing their studies in various graduate Schools. These are E. T. Bynoe, in Bacteriology at Macdonald College, A. Deakin in Genetics at Wisconsin, N. A. Drummond in Economics at Toronto and the Ontario Agricultural College, R. W. Stuckey and John West in Plant Pathology at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, Trinidad.

The balance of the class are distributed as follows: Vernon Dawson, Dominion Rubber Co., Montreal; W. B. H. Marshall, Fruit Inspector, Montreal, Rougemont and Abbotsford; J. Johnson, College of Education, University of Toronto; S. Nadir, Fibre Crops Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa; A. S. Macfarlane, Macdonald College; H. P. Rowell, Farming, Rougemont, and G. M. Tait, Department of Horticulture, Macdonald College.



Faculty Items

During the summer, members of the staff of the Chemistry Department attended conventions as follows: Drs. Snell and McCarthy, Canadian Chemical Association at London; Drs. Snell and McKibbin, Society of Technical Agriculturists at Quebec; Dr. Snell, American Institute of Chemical Engineers at Niagara Falls, and the Society of Chemical Industry at New York.

Miss Stickwood, Miss Britt and Miss Babb of the Household Science Staff assisted at the Household Show recently held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, by giving addresses on such topics of interest to women as "Food Selection," "Individuality in Dress" and "The Labour Saving Kitchen."

Miss McCain of the Extension Department, School of Household Science, has just completed her fall itinerary as Superintendent of Quebec Women's Institutes, having visited nearly all of the various branches in the Province, from Pontiac to Gaspé.

Mr. Maurice H. Howitt, B. S. A., former member of the staff, has completed all his class work for post graduate degree at Harvard University, and has obtained a position as Lecturer in Landscape Architecture in Michigan.

Dr. Walter A. DeLong, former Assistant in Chemistry, spent a day at the College on his way from Minnesota to his native Province. Dr. DeLong, who is now an alumnus of three Universities, Toronto, McGill and Minnesota, has been appointed Assistant Professor in Acadia University, where he hopes to do special work in Agricultural Biochemistry.

Mr. D. E. Fowler, M. Sc., former Assistant in Chemistry, has temporary employment in the Hochstadter Consulting Laboratories in New York City.

Mr. Lev. Skazin, who is Research Assistant in Chemistry, under a grant from the National Research Council, is of Russian birth, and a graduate in Agriculture of the Czech University of Prague in Czechoslovakia.

Mr. L. I. Pugsley, B. A., who has been appointed Assistant in Chemistry, is a graduate of Acadia University, and has had one year of graduate work in the University of Toronto.

A contribution entitled "Use of the Quinhydrone Electrode," by Dr. McKibbin and Mr. Pugsley was published in the October issue of Canadian Chemistry and Metallurgy. —W. A. M.

* * *

Here and There

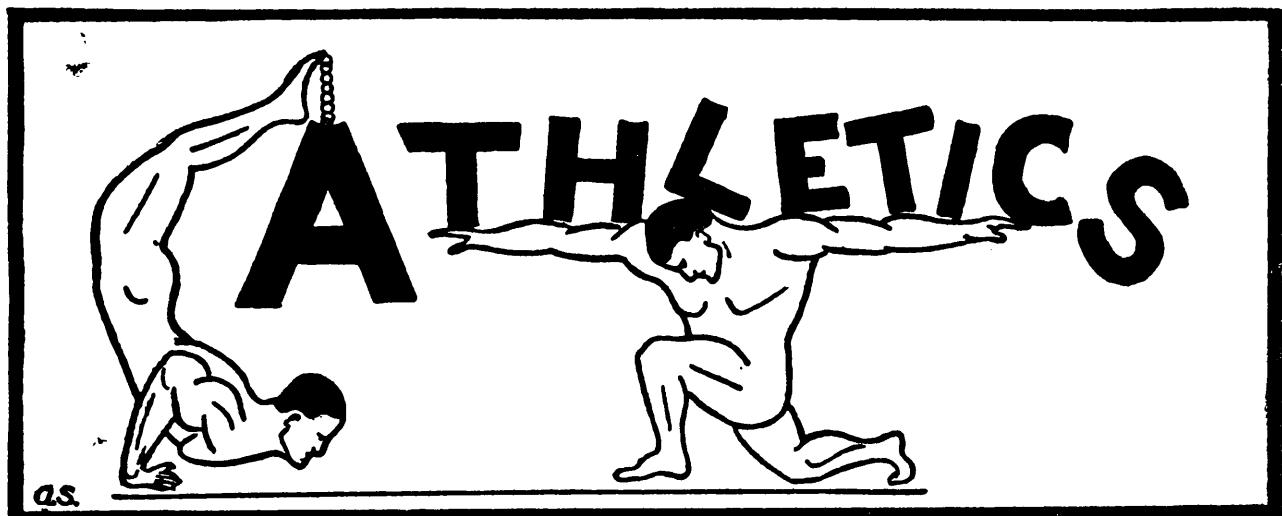
The activities of the Literary and Debating Society have occupied our Wednesday evenings to good purpose. Up to the time of going to press, we have enjoyed a play-reading, an elocutionary contest and a musical evening.

The play-reading was excellent. Mr. A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home," and "The Twelve Pound Look," by Sir J. W. Barrie, were played with spirit by two talented casts. Mr. McMaster, as The Boy, acted particularly well, and was supported very ably by Miss Northeby and Mr. G. Self. In "The Twelve Pound Look," Miss Hicks, Miss Young, and Mr. Eaves showed up to advantage, and gave a very good interpretation.

The Musical evening, being the first of its kind, was, naturally, not perfect; but it proved itself to be an innovation worth repeating. With Mr. Musgrove's aid, the evening compared very favourably with any other performance of a similar nature given, in late years, at the college.

On November 7th. we were honored by a visit from Dr. Maltby, whose world-wide experience as a speaker made his visit of more than passing interest. The students showed great interest, and joined heartily in the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Lawrence.

The S.C.A. (under whose auspices Dr. Maltby came before us) has also staged two Sunday-evening Sing-Songs, both of which were declared great successes, — both from the spiritual, and the gastronomic aspects!



Eric Eardley, who, with the aid of Robert Jack, has steered the rugby team very ably through a rather trying season, gives, below, a resumé of the season's football.

If this year's football season is to be judged solely on the number of games won, then to the casual observer, it has been a rather disappointing one.

If, however, other things are to be considered, such as the lack of material with which we started the season, the development and improvement of the team, and the numerous injuries sustained by members of the team, then it is safe to say that in no respect is this year inferior to any other, while in many respects it is superior.

With seven or eight of the regulars of last year's team having graduated, and with very little new material from the incoming years, the outlook at the beginning of the season was anything but encouraging.

Our first practice was held on Oct. 3rd., with our first game scheduled for Oct. 6th.

Owing to the fact that Richards was kept out of this game with a bruised elbow, and the lack of adequate coaching, the team which lined up against the Village was much weaker than teams of previous years, with the result that the Village won by a score of 15-6.

Still with no form of coaching, except from members of the team, practices continued, and on the following Saturday we played our second game against the Village.

This time, with two of the regulars on the list of casualties, and the men in the Animal Husbandry Option away on a judging trip, our team was even weaker than on the previous Saturday, and we were again beaten, by a score of 8-2.

At this stage, however, we obtained the services of Coach Houston, and, almost immediately, an improvement was seen in the team. Considering that the coach did not take over the team until nearly half way through the season, and was then only able to be here two or three times a week, owing to other engagements in the city, he is to be congratulated on the results and improvements he obtained.

The third game of the season was played against a team from Montreal West. In this game our regular team, with the exception

of Paige who was laid up with a wrenched ankle, played their first good game, winning by a score of 7—0, the outstanding player being Richards, who played a fine game running back kicks.

Our next game was against Commerce, holders of the Wood Trophy. This game was our team at their best, and Macdonald came out at the right end of a 15—1 score. While the whole team did their share, Millinchamp and Albert Waugh were the outstanding players, Waugh making a beautiful drop to score a field goal.

The fifth game was played against Dentistry. With the Judging Team again away, taking with them eight of our regular players, we fielded a very weak team on a very wet field, and only managed to hold the Dents. to a 5 point tie, much to their excitement, they believing that they were playing our regular team.

In this game, Rayner played the best game, making two or three fine runs through the centre for substantial gains.

On Nov. 14th Macdonald once more made a bid for the Wood Trophy meeting Medicine on our home ground.

With a full team; except for Al Waugh, who was ineligible to play; and perfect conditions, Macdonald went out with high hopes feeling that at last it was Macdonald's year.

In the first five minutes of play, however, Medicine went over for a touch, which seemed to break the *morale* of the team, after which, try as we might, we could not get going, and the ultimate issue was never in doubt; the game ending in a score of 22—0 in favor of Medicine.

Medicine was decidedly the better team, and easily deserved to win.

For the Meds., Drew was undoubtedly the best player, playing a beautiful game throughout, while Richards played the best game on the Macdonald Team.

On looking over the season there are one or two points that appear quite evident.

First and foremost, it is quite obvious that we are badly in need of an athletic coach. It has always been felt that we ought to have a coach at Macdonald, but the improvement seen in the team after it was taken over by Mr. Houston, showed that with a full time coach Macdonald would be able to hold their own against any interfaculty team in McGill.

The material from which we have to select our teams is less familiar with football than the men that compose our opposing teams, and it is, therefore, essential that they should receive some real coaching if we are to be expected to put out a team that knows football, and make a real bid for the Wood Trophy.

It is extremely unfortunate that the Judging Team has to be away so much during the football season, making it difficult to have satisfactory practices and put creditable teams on the field. This, however, is unavoidable and our thanks are due to Mr. Ness, of the Animal Husbandry Department, for his help and consideration in trying to overcome this difficult situation.

While, considering our small numbers, the turn-outs are fairly satisfactory, there are still men physically fit, and of the right build for rugby, who do not turn out, and who, if they did, would prove to be a great asset to the team.

It is my personal opinion that at Macdonald, as at other colleges, there ought to be some form of compulsory physical training.

Although each member of the team has given his best, there are certain men who have banded in an exceptionally good season's play and should be recognized in a report of the football season.

In the backfield, Richards and Millinchamp played steady, reliable games, whilst on the line, Paige, McMaster, Johnson, MacCuish, and Dickison all played fine games.

As we once more lay away our football togs for another year, it is with a feeling of stronger determination than ever that next year will see the Wood Trophy at Macdonald College.—E. A. E.

English Rugby

Those interested in English Rugby got together on November 1st, and discussed the matter in a businesslike way. A selection committee, consisting of Messrs. McMaster, Daniels and Hemmings, was formed, and it was decided to form a club and continue the scheme which was formed last year but died at birth.

Two fixtures have been made, and, up to the time of going to press, one game has been played.

The "Sun Life" sent out a team on Saturday, November 10th, and, from an enjoyable game, Macdonald emerged triumphant with two tries (6 points) to their credit, as against a penalty goal (3 points) for our opponents. We believe we have material for a very creditable team.

Our other fixture is with the M.A.A.A. for November, 24th.

A good deal of interest has been shown by Montreal clubs in our activities. Only five clubs in the district play English Rugby, and three of these have asked for fixtures for next year. We hope it will be possible, next year, to continue the work so well begun.

—C.F.T.D.

* * *



Some Favourite Expressions

Rita B.—I nearly popped a panty-button!

Adèle D.—Not really, you little devil!

Jean P.—See my "frat" pin!

Tat MacC.—Oh! You cute thing!

Mac C.—Where's the little runt?

* * *

B.H.S.—"Good summer, Adèle?"

Adèle:—"I'll say. Three proposals and accepted them all."

* * *

Cleo (from the country): "At which end of the car do we get off?"

Conductor: "Either end, Miss, they both stop."

* * *

Dr. B.—"Did you study this poem last night?"

Mr. M.—"Yep. I put my whole mind on it."

Dr. B.—"I see it's blank verse."

* * *

Keith: "Would you accept a pet monkey?"

Helen: "Oh! Darling, this is so sudden! You will have to ask father!"

* * *

Qu'est-ce-que la vie? La vie est un chemin de fer, les années en sont des stations, et la mort la gare d'arrivée, et les médecins les chauffeurs.

* * *

"Whatcha gonna do after yuh graduate, Joe?"

"I'm gonna teach."

"You can't be a teacher, you're too dumb."

"I ain't gonna teach school. I'm gonna be a college professor."

* * *

Jew: (to only conscious victim of an automobile accident): "An accident, eh? Everybody laid out!"

O.C.V.: "Yes, all but one, and I've just come to."

Jew: "Has the insurance agent come by yet?"

O.C.V.: "Not yet, but he'll probably be here soon."

Jew: "Well, if he ain't come yet, and you expect him soon, d'you mind if I lie down with the bunch?"

* * *

"How do you students find your meals?"

"With a magnifying glass, sir."

* * *

"Hey! What are you scratching your head for?"

"I'm trying to get an inspiration."

"Well, that's a new name for them."

* * *

Frosh: "Are they very strict at Mac?"

Soph: "Say, when a feller dies in the lecture they just prop him up 'til the end of the period."